



Artistic demoeselles have caught the Parisian craze which calls for handpainted frocks. This will meet at once the needs of the young woman whose chief object in life is to avoid the commonplace and cultivate the odd side of gowning.



The Rose Petal Gown.

chamois-like surface of a white cloth costume; pocketbooks and cardcases relieved of their plainness; ribbons and fans flower-strewn, and the simplest of snail negligees transformed into an exquisite creation by the aid of delicate color schemes.

The incensory of a certain quick-witted maid deserves especial mention. Her nimble fingers and cultivated tastes have been the means of creating a fete-toilet which looks as if it might have been caught out in a rain of rosebuds.

The condensed milk-can holder is a newcomer in the domain of silver-plated ware. It is of a size suitable for the holding of that article.

Massachusetts Heard From. Having used Hill's Pile Pomade while in New York, and its use having resulted in a cure of blind piles of seven years' standing, I deem it my duty to do all I can to have others try it.

A STARTLER: 1,100 Italian blankets, in new combinations (displayed on counter table), at only 90c. KAUFMANN'S New Drygoods Department.

THE PITTSBURGH FILTER COMPANY, No. 30 Sandusky Street, Allegheny, Pa. Manufactures the Davis Filter. Its use insures an undiminished supply of clear, pure, wholesome water at all times.

THE Season of Furs. "Prepare to shiver!" That's what the weather man, who dwells at the top of that very tall building within a stone's throw of the old postoffice, tells us to do.

THE girls all know that they look their loveliest when done up in soft, fluffy furs, and this winter's fashion dictator has been so kind in producing wonderfully beautiful conceits in the fur line that Pittsburgh maidens should feel called upon to give thanks to him in no voice.

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Sealskin and ermine are best cleaned with a soft flannel, rubbed delicately against the grain. When the fur has been thoroughly lifted and reversed, as it were, dip the flannel into common flour and rub lightly any spots that look dark or dirty.

Gold Chains With Pearls. The long fine gold chains set with pearls that the fashionable Parisiennes last spring hung around their dainty throats and that gleamed in the sunlight as they lifted their forgetties to inspect each other's toilets, have appeared on this side.

Of course they are expensive, but if mademoiselle is not too particular she can provide herself with one of French gilt that the shopkeeper assures me will last longer than the style itself.

Hints for the Household. SIMPLE pine frames may be converted into pretty picture frames by first gilding them and then stretching fish-net over them and, after fastening it securely, gilding the whole several times.

A REAT contrivance is a goblet cover to keep the contents of a glass of medicine, for instance, from dust. It is made of a circular piece of cardboard, covered on the upper side with a crocheted mat in white zephyr, with a loop in the center by which to raise it.

THE American and the Princess are names given to new combinations of designs in cut glass. The star seems to give pertinence to the name American. One of the most brilliant designs is known as the Parisian.

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LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Diphtheria has closed two public schools in Indianapolis. All traces of the latest revolutionary plot in Chile have been wiped out. The Confederate Veterans of Atlanta will march under the stars and stripes hereafter.

The seat of the tempered copper gun, invented by Blacksmith Allard, of Quebec, was a success. Price & Mass, wholesale grocers of Macon, Ga., have assigned. Liabilities and assets cancelled.

The newly-elected President of the American Hereford Breeders' Association, is J. S. Carlisle, of Chicago. Mrs. M. J. Clark, a woman whose bones break with a report like a pistol shot while she is in perfect repose.

Viola May, a well-known variety singer and dancer, shot and killed Chief Rogers at Calais, Mont., the other day. The Government Town Site Board in Oklahoma has decided that no one is barred from taking up townsite claims.

Wealthy Chinese firms in San Francisco, alarmed at exclusion legislation, contemplate withdrawing from the country. The Spanish Cortes will be asked for an appropriation of \$100,000 for a World's Fair exhibit, as well as the Columbus archives.

The Isle of Man jury which rendered a verdict in the case of the man who murdered a woman, was mobbed on leaving court. A false rumor caused a heavy run on the People's Savings Bank in West Bay City, Mich., yesterday, which was safely weathered.

The commission which will investigate the Panama canal scandal will consist of 12 Republicans, 9 Conservatives and 1 Democrat. James Frealey's family at Brightwood, Ind., has been mysteriously poisoned. Frealey is dead, and his husband may not survive.

A Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe train was wrecked Sunday morning near a town near Paris, Tex., and one passenger was wounded. The Seattle Board of Local Marine Inspectors held Captain John A. O'Brien guilty of negligence in stranding the white-back steamer Wetmore.

At Plaquemine, La., Captain Harry Ward has been acquitted of a murder charge that has been pending two years. Captain Ward is a veteran steamboat man. The city of New Orleans has won a victory in the Myers-Clark Gaines case.

The question was on a rule to tax the Marshal's commission of 2 1/2 per cent on the amount of the Gaines judgment against the city. Last Friday a party of musicians started from Everett, Wash., for Marysville in a yacht. Sunday they struck the straits and picked up a capsize boat, and a reef organ afterward drifted ashore. Nothing has been seen of the party since.

Two shop-lifters were arrested in Chicago yesterday, who had a new device—a regular portable "fence." It is a paste-board box, ten inches square at the top or which is arranged a lid with a spring. A very small weight on the lid would cause it to swing down and catch the goods at the top of it to fall into the box. It would then be forced back by the spring.

In Olden Times People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives for a time, but anxiously injure the system.

A WINNER: 1,000 comfortable, heavy, warm and well-filled, at only \$1.10. KAUFMANN'S New Drygoods Department.

They Do, say That T. G. Evans & Co., corner Third avenue and Market street, carry the greatest variety of china, glassware and lamps of any house in the city. They are now offering their goods at a price which is an opportunity for the home and Christmas presents. They are direct importers.

More remarkable: 100 pieces heavy shirting flannel in black and stripes, never sold for less than 35c, now only 25c per yard. KAUFMANN'S New Drygoods Department.

Portraits for the Holidays. Cabinet photos \$1.50 per doz. Panel picture given with every cabinet. Large assortment of frames. Lites' Portrait Studio, 10 and 12 Sixth street.

A RUSH for these very handsome black brocade India silks in new effects and most excellent patterns, 24 inches wide, sold at 75c per yard. KAUFMANN'S New Drygoods Department.

Pianos, Pianos, Organs, Organs. Mellor & Hoene, 77 Fifth Avenue. The most durable and reliable. The best for the money. Largest line of instruments in the city. Easy payments. Send for circular.

Will amaze you: Our immense display of Elder Rannels—a special lot at only 40c per yard. KAUFMANN'S New Drygoods Department.

BROCKING wines are in order with Thanksgiving turkey. Max Klein can supply you. CAN'T be equaled—200 pairs heavy wool blankets, large size, at only \$2.50 per pair. KAUFMANN'S New Drygoods Department.

De Witt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for biliousness, sick headache, malaria. A WONDER—50 pieces 27-inch red Shaker flannel (shankran goods), worth only 35c per yard. KAUFMANN'S New Drygoods Department.

HAVE your photograph taken by Dabbs for a Christmas present. GREAT FLANNEL BARGAIN! 50 pieces flannel, 24 inches wide, at 25c per yard; full valued 30c; all to go at 10c per yard. KAUFMANN'S New Drygoods Department.

OVERCOATS AND SUITS The Finest ... Each... OVERCOATS OVERCOATS The Finest ... Each... Fine Beavers, worth \$12 to \$25. OUR PRICE \$9 TO \$20. Nobby Meltons, worth \$13 to \$45. OUR PRICE \$10 TO \$35. Chinchillas, blue and black, worth \$8 to \$30. OUR PRICE \$6 TO \$25. Handsome Kerseys, worth \$15 to \$40. OUR PRICE \$12 TO \$33. Cassimeres and Cheviots, worth \$10 to \$30. OUR PRICE \$7.50 TO \$22.

CHOICEST FOREIGN and DOMESTIC FABRICS. THE PEOPLE ARE WITH US BECAUSE WE ARE WITH THE PEOPLE. You don't have to encase yourself in armor if you wish to retire without buying. STYLISHLY MADE, ELEGANTLY TRIMMED.

MEN'S FINE SUITS. Fancy Cassimeres, worth from \$7.50 to \$25. Our Price \$5 to \$18. Fancy Cheviots, worth \$15 to \$30. Our Price \$10 to \$22. Black Worsteds, worth \$15 to \$30. Our Price \$10 to \$22. Black Cheviots, worth \$8 to \$30. Our Price \$6 to \$24. Imported Scotches and Worsteds, worth \$18 to \$30. Our Price \$14 to \$22.

ON THURSDAY MORNING NEXT. We will have the pleasure of presenting to the deserving poor of the two cities between 600 and 700 Fine Turkeys. Those who desire to participate in the distribution will make immediate application to the offices of the following societies: PITTSBURGH ASSOCIATION FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE POOR, THE DORCAS SOCIETY, LADIES' RELIEF SOCIETY OF ALLEGHENY, ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY. Any of the officers of the above societies will furnish tickets, without which the gift is not obtainable.

CAUSKY'S. THE ONLY REASON. For the continued increase of THE DISPATCH adlets is that they give satisfactory returns.

THIS INK IS MANUFACTURED BY J. HARPER BONNELL CO., NEW YORK. WELL BRED, SOON WED." GIRLS WHO USE SAPOLIO ARE QUICKLY MARRIED. TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT HOUSE-CLEANING. ACTUAL RESULTS. Show DISPATCH adlets to be most profitable to advertisers. Try them.

CAPTAIN PHIL. A SKETCH FROM LIFE. BY IZA DEFFUS HARDY. [Copyright, 1892, by the Author.] Dan Granger's place was a lonely one and the times were wild and the life was rough at Blue Lead Bar when he brought his young wife there. It took a brave woman and a strong one to face that life; but Lucy Granger had perfect health and sanguine spirits and love and courage enough to be the blessing of whatever man she married. Her husband was a lonely one in his long and lonely life, and she was the sunshine of his presence on it, whether it lay among rocks or roses. She had chosen her lot and cheerfully set hand and heart to her appointed work, and there was not a home for miles around so well-ordered and comfortable as Dan Granger's. In the course of his checkered life Dan had had a little of everything. He had made his pile in the mines, lost it, and was now in a fair way to making it again. At present his chief occupation—an important one it was, too—was carrying the express from Blue Lead Bar to Yucca City, making the journey sometimes alone, sometimes with his partner, Steven Brock. Lucy was never quite so happy when her Dan was running the risk of "road agents," and other less alarming and less probable accidents, alone. She got used to it, and accepted it as a natural part of her life; but familiarity never bred contempt of the husband's husband, and she would not let her husband, often charged with valuables and money; for every man in or near Blue Lead Bar committed his property to Dan Granger's care in perfect faith that he "would take it through safe if any man could."

the doorway and looked across to the shimmering mists of amber and amethyst hues in which the distant hills were lost like a dream. She was getting on well with her morning's work, and had time to stand still awhile. Perhaps one secret of Lucy Granger's doing her work so well and so thoroughly was that she was never disturbed. She went on through it all smoothly, easily, like a machine in a good order. She would not have smiled so contentedly on the fair landscape, however, now, if she could have heard what Dick Mullins—better known in the neighborhood as "Ginger Dick"—was saying to her husband in the seclusion of the office. "I didn't say anything before Mrs. Granger, Dan—it's no use alarming her; but Captain Phil and his men are about here—reported to be on their way. They're on your track and swear they'll pay you out for that Melina business. There's no doubt of it—it was one of the Captain's pigeons let it out. I came up to give you a word of warning."

and Granger swung himself on to his old piebald horse—One-eyed Bill, who, as Dan always said; could see as much with his one eye as any common horse could with two, and could find his way and bring his master safe home on a pitch-dark night when even Granger's practiced eye could not distinguish the trail. Dan looked back, and smiled and waved his hand to his wife, as if to cheer her as he had not heard the ominous news of Phil Darrell, better known as "Captain Phil," and old One-eye trotted briskly off. "The Melina business" to which Mullins had alluded as something for which Captain Phil had it in his mind to "pay" Dan Granger, was a story of some years ago before Granger came to Blue Lead Bar. He had been the prime mover in the arrest of Captain Phil as the secret head of a gang of "road agents," whose depredations were many and daring, but who had somehow always successfully managed to elude detection and capture. Dan had acted on suspicion amounting to conviction. That it was he who had first taken action in the matter was as well-known to Captain Phil as to the rest of the world—that little world of which Dan Granger fondly thought he deserved well by his course in this business. Captain Phil, however, was a powerful man, and his way was not unpopular. More men feared him than would acknowledge their fear; not a few women admired him, who were not ashamed to own their admiration; and fear and admiration are among the most contagious of feelings. Once before Captain Phil had stood his trial for killing a man and had got off on the ground of "self-defense"—a plea a Western jury is always ready to consider favorably. The upshot of the Melina case was that a string of witnesses had gibbered to the effect that Captain Phil had committed this crime from all complicity in the crimes with which he stood charged. He was triumphantly acquitted and escorted home by a torchlight procession. Granger and others more than suspected that the witnesses were perjured and the jury packed, but could not prove it. So Captain Phil went on in his conquering way again—and went, considerably to every one's astonishment, without putting a bullet through Dan Granger, against whom he was known to have vowed vengeance; and that was the kind of vow Captain Phil had never yet been known to break. Perhaps it was that, thus fresh from his acquit-

tal, he thought he would keep up his newly whitewashed character for awhile. Perhaps he remembered that "revenge can be eaten cold," and its savor be none the less sweet. Anyhow, the ill-boding shadow of Captain Phil had not fallen on Dan Granger's path for years. While Dan rode on his way to Scudder's, with his bag of "dust" otherwise gold dust—Lucy Granger finished her domestic duties, and then set down in a rocking chair and swayed restfully to and fro, with her head on her lap, her little girl playing with a doll by her side. The entrance door, as usual, stood hospitably open; and presently they heard a footstep on the bare boards of the little hall, and the sound of someone trying the handle of the office door, which opened out of the hall on one side. Dan had looked up his office, as he had a pile of gold dust and nuggets in his strong box there. Lucy got up and opened the parlor door, which was nearly opposite the office, and looked out into the hall, Bonnie Boy still in her arms, Birdie trotting by her side holding on to her skirts. The gentleman who was seeking entrance to the office turned at the slight sound of the creak of the parlor door, and immediately took off his hat with a courteous acknowledgment of her presence. He was a gentleman, Lucy decided at the first glance. No rough miner, this! His sombrero hat and jackboots added a touch of pioneer picturesqueness to his appearance. Had it not been for them, she thought, he looked as if he might have come from the civilization of the outer world that seemed to lie so far beyond them. He was a fair, tall, good-looking man, with rather delicate, clear-cut, aquiline features, a neatly trimmed, golden-yellow beard and piercing, deep, blue eyes—eyes which rested pleasantly, with a touch of inquiring surprise, a fainter touch of admiration, on Lucy's face. Lucy was a very pretty young woman, tall and well built, with all the grace of strength and bloom of health, with nut brown curls, and great brown eyes that looked at all the world with the clear and limpid trustfulness of a child's gaze at a friend. "Did you wish to see my husband?" she asked, with her sweet, frank smile. "I wished to see Mr. Granger."

"Yes, that's my husband," she rejoined, with a shade of possessive pride. "He's out just now. Was it on business you wanted to see him?" "It's business," replied the stranger, who spoke with the slow, deliberate intonation of the South and West, and had a rather low, mellow, pleasing voice. "If it's anything you want to send, he's parcels to be sent before 7 o'clock. But perhaps you want to see him—to talk to him?" "Well, I did want a few words with him," he admitted slowly and reflectively. "Won't you come in and wait? she rejoined hospitably. "I don't think he'll be so very long before he's in."

The stranger looked at her and smiled, but seemed to hesitate, for he was silent for a few minutes, smiling still, with a half-amused, half-doubtful expression before he answered, "Well, as you're so kind, madam, I think I will step in awhile." He stepped in accordingly, and Lucy invited him to occupy her husband's rocking chair, while she seated herself in the other one. Bonnie Boy, whom she had set down upon while showing the stranger in, climbed upon her lap, clutched her dress in his paws, and Birdie leaned against her knees, keeping an intent gaze of critical inspection fixed with large-sized solemnity upon the visitor. "You have everything very prettily fixed here, Mrs. Granger," he observed politely, glancing round the parlor, which was, indeed, a very presentable one for Blue Lead Bar. Nothing could well have been simpler than the furniture and its arrangement; and the bare wooden walls were innocent of paint or paper; but everything was clean as a new pin; the chairs were covered with a pretty bright chintz; a few pictures, mostly framed chromos and engravings, hung on the walls; and a flower box stood about in vases on the table and on the mantelpiece, over which there was a good-sized mirror; last, not least, the Grangers' parlor boasted the luxury of lace curtains at the windows. The room, although as neat as it could be kept without banishing every little, cheery sign of the all-pervading presence of the children, had none of the airy, unused look of a parlor reserved for the best. Lucy's work basket stood open by the hearth, and Birdie's doll lay limply under the table. "Everything real pretty," the visitor remarked, his eyes taking everything in with their slow, searching gaze. "It's very plain," said Lucy, with modest depreciation that thinly veiled her simple pride in her home. "But we've such a beautiful view tonight that I say to my husband it don't matter if things are plain and simple inside."

"There's a pretty thing to look at inside, too," he answered, glancing from the mother to the children, with the unsmiling but not ungentle gravity we so often find in these "Men from the West." Birdie, who had apparently now arrived at satisfactory consciousness with regard to the stranger's manners and morals, was sliding toward him, shyly smiling, with her finger in her mouth, looking up sideways from under the tangle of her golden curls. "Will you come to me, little lady?" he asked. Birdie nodded, and promptly trotted across to him, laid a tiny hand upon his knee, and after contemplating him for a moment, as if to ascertain whether he would bear inspection at close range, observed, tentatively, "Under Jack takes me on his lap."